

THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1948

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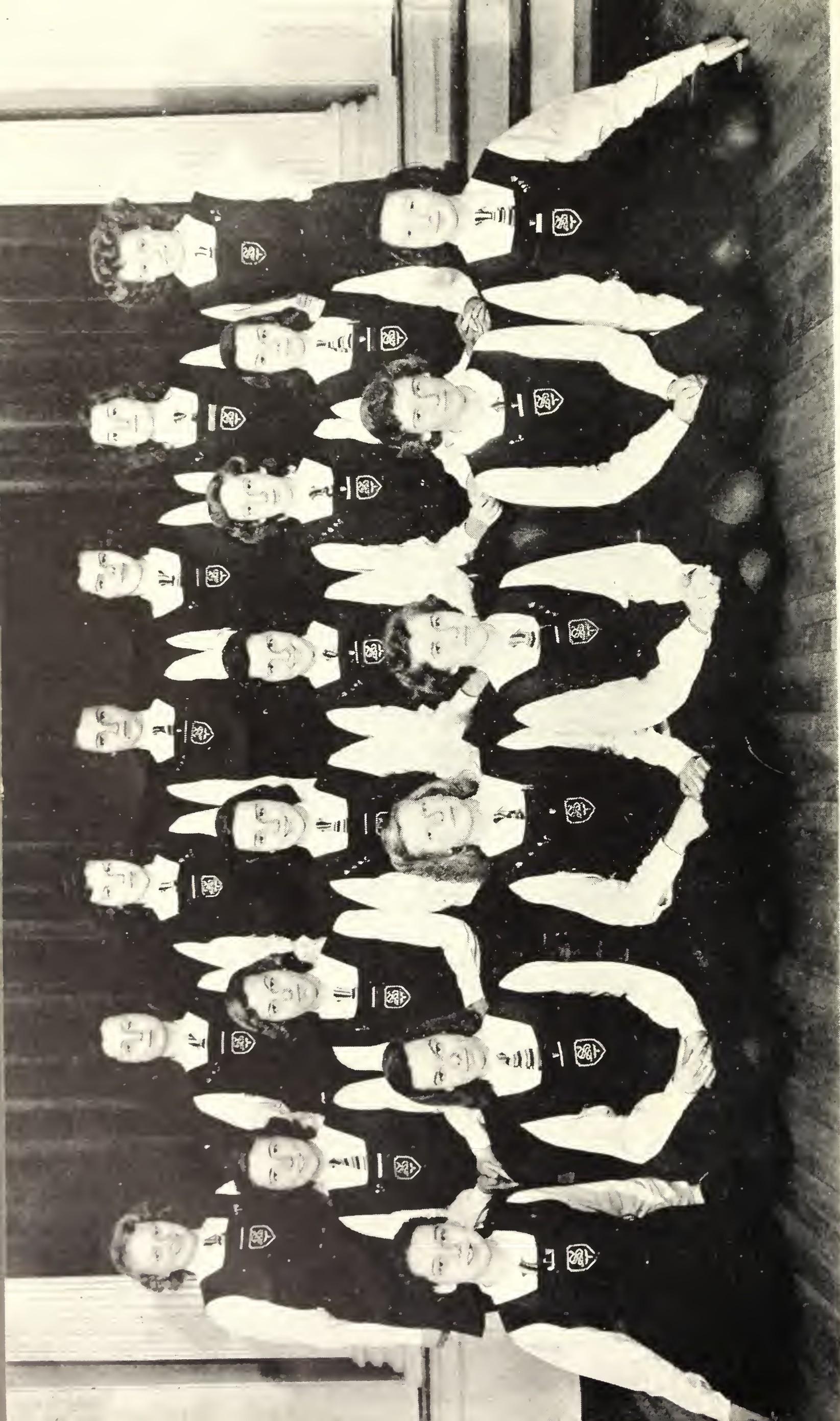
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MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN FORTY-EIGHT

SIXTH FORM

First Row:—Elizabeth Burgess, Belle MacLean, Jane McCarthy, Joan Moffitt, Ann Bushell, Sally Matthews.
Second Row:—Doone McMurtry, Madeleine Stevens, Sylvia Ponder, Martha Fisher, Patsy MacDermot, Barbara MacLean.
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... EDITORIAL ...

"Alle is buxumnesse there, and bookes for to rede and to lerne,
And grete love and lykinge for each of hem loveth other. . ."

The last few years of school constitute a very important period in our lives. It is during this time that we first really become aware of the many perplexing problems facing our country and the other nations of the world. At the present time Canada herself is concerned with many serious difficulties arising from events of the past few years. For, ever since the end of the war, immigrants have been flocking to Canada from a ravaged and devastated Europe. It is a very controversial matter as to how these newcomers feel towards our Dominion. Do they resent the fact that Canada is virtually untouched by the war, while their own countries are ruined? Do they regret having left their native lands or are they relieved and happy? Have they received a sincere welcome from Canadians, or are they forced to band together to avoid the pitfalls of their new home?

On the other hand are Canadians willing to accept these immigrants? Are they prepared to help them settle down to a new life, or are they resentful of the intrusion of strangers to their country?

Besides this important matter concerning Canada's internal policies, there have been many crises in the last year which have affected her foreign policy — such as the ever-present Palestine question, the Communist coup d'etat in Czechoslovakia, and the Italian elections. These questions, all of which present grave difficulties, should challenge us, the youth of Canada, to take an active interest in what will soon be our world.

Although we have grown up in a very unsettled period of the world's history, nevertheless I believe that we have gained a great deal from it. We have come to realize that life is not just a "bed of roses" but is more like a duel — to be challenged, fought, and won.

This radical change in our ideas is due in great part to the last war. However, another important cause is the failure of practically all attempts at international unity and reconstruction. A great many of us felt at the end of the war that world affairs would soon return to normal. However, it has been proven that this idea is a mere pipe-dream. Consequently, ideas had to be recalled and drastically changed to fit the new state of affairs.

In order to insure a safe and stable world, we must now form sound opinions, based on the different ideas that we have assimilated during the last few years — ideas of broadmindedness and tolerance that have been instilled in us during our school years.

1947 - ROLL CALL - 1948

DELTA BETA

Sixth:—Doone McMurtry

Marigold Savage

Madeleine Stevens

Joan Timmins

Upper V:—Mary Ann Currie

Virginia Frosst

Prudence Lobley

Grace Raymond

Middle V:—Maria Cerny

Sandrea Ogilvie

Gay von Eicken

Lower V:—Helen Belcher

Elizabeth Chadburn

Diana Gaherty

Efa Heward

Jill McConnell

Upper IV:—Jane Aitken

Joan Kimber

Lower IV:—Faith Heward

Margeret Ogilvie

Barbara Plow

Grace Richardson

Majorie Scott

Helga von Eicken

Upper III:—Mary Bogert

Sally Bradeen

Judy Lennon

Martha Richardson

Lower III:—Lyn Geddes

Diana Hamilton

Judy Ogilvie

Judith St. George

BETA LAMBDA

Sixth:—Lorna Brown

Carole Campbell

Martha Fisher

Patsy MacDermot

June McCarthy

Sylvia Ponder

Jocelyn Rutherford

Upper V:—Frances Morris

Middle V:—Pat Burns

Virginia Govier

Zoe Southam

Lower V:—Gay Hampson

Judy Thomas

Valerie Trueman

Upper IV:—Anne Cadman

Tish Dawes

Susan Marler

Brydon McCarthy

Pamela Stewart

Lower IV:—Ann Adair

Ann Lucas

Cynthia Molsen

Gertrude Rooney

Patricia Southam

Upper III:—Betty Cadman

Elena Mather

Lynette Peake

Hilary Thomas

Lower III:—Daphne Louson

1947 - ROLL CALL - 1948

MU GAMMA

Sixth:— Ann Bushell
Elizabeth Hastings
Sally Matthews
Barbara MacLean
Belle MacLean

Upper V:— Adrienne Brown
Jill Crossen
Mary Horne
Joanna McLeod
Margaret Notman
Nancy Ridout
Joan Young

Middle V:— Joan Cumine

Lower V:— Beverley Morse
Sheila White

Upper IV:— Joan Evans
Diana Harrison

Lower IV:— Ann Ballantyne
Judy McGreevy
Dorothy McIntosh
Jane Townsend
Elizabeth Vale

Upper III:— Beverley Hastings
Judy Mather
Sally Parsons

Lower III:— Judy Darling
Jocelyn Gordon
Elizabeth Hague
Connie L'Anglais

KAPPA RHO

Sixth:— Joan Ashby
Elizabeth Burgess
Joan Moffitt

Upper V:— Lucy Hodgson
Sally McDougall
Shirley-Ann Wales

Middle V:— Shirley Byers
Gerda Thomas

Lower V:— Beverley Mellen
Mary Stavert

Upper IV:— Jeanne Burgess
Judith Grose

Lower IV:— Angela Cassils
Anne Hayes
Dorothy Johnson
Annabel Mitchell
Camilla Porteous
Ann Powell

Upper III:— Barbara Brown
Susan Cushing
Martha Murray
Penny Pasmore

Lower III:— Barbara Bruce
Kathleen Cousens
Gail Gnaedinger
Sylvia Randall
Susan Starkey
Stephanie Stern
Anne Warner

LOWER SCHOOL

UPPER A

Susan Blaylock	Roberta Lohse	Sandra Warner
Diana Daniels	Lynda Melling	Linda Wilson
Juliana deKuyper	Janet Savage	
Anna Guthrie	Rosemary Smith	

LOWER A

Wilsie Baxter	Jill Jenkins	Wendy Stevenson
Jane Cushing	Cary Jopson	Sandra Stewart
Joy Davie	Denny Lande	Wendy Tidmarsh
Gwyneth Evans	Marguerite L'Anglais	Jackie Vaughan
Maure Jackson	Barbara Murray	

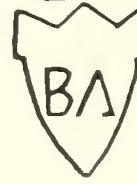
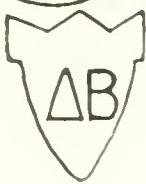
UPPER B

Wendy Andrews	Laurel Godwin	Diana Mackay
Anne Bruce	Betty Gray	Tony Newman
Adie Cassils	Carol Grimsgaard	Anne Ross-Smith
Caroline Doyle	Audrey Hamiton	Diana Savage
Heather Forrest	Cynthia Hutchins	Ann Tweedy
Terry	Sa'y Meakins	Kringen Wight

LOWER B

Carol Andrews	Gabrielle deKuyper	Margaret Eleanor MacInnes
Lyn Carter	Mary Joan Francis	Elsbeth McGreevy
Sherrill Christmas	Mary Lou Harlan	Lesley Weir McMartin
Linda Coristine	Elizabeth Harris	Kate Reed
Diana Covert	Mary Louson	Jennifer Trower
Jean Cundill	Lucinda Elizabeth Lyman	Wendy Whitehead
Susan Dawes	Suzanne Meagher	

HOUSE NOTES



	<i>Head</i>	<i>Sub-Head</i>	<i>Games Captain</i>
BETA LAMBDA—	Martha Fisher	Jane McCarthy	Jane McCarthy
DELTA BETA—	Marigold Savage	Doone McMurtry	Doone McMurtry
KAPPA RHO—	Joan Moffitt	Joan Ashby	Gerda Thomas
MU GAMMA—	Ann Bushell	Sally Matthews	Ann Bushell

The Study Sweepstakes

We're off to the races. Ashby, Thomas and McMurtry put their money on the wrong horses, (namely Kappa Rho and Delta Beta) while Matthews, realizing that it was a losing proposition, didn't bother betting. Fisher, with her firm seat on Beta Lambda, is coming down the homestretch ably supported by Cynthia Molson and Ann Cadman. Bushell, sitting backwards on Mu Gamma logically seems to think that the quickest way to the finish is around the newly opened plus track, while confident Beta Lambda, brimming with intellect and sportsmanship, pauses to watch McCarthy practising for the Swimming Meet in the canal turn. Delta Beta and Kappa Rho, racing head and tail, with Savage feverishly trying to grab Moffitt's tail, are rounding the well-beaten minus track for the second term, supported by Martha Richardson, Margaret Ogilvie, and Ann Powell and Camilla Porteous.

Standing in the grandstands are Miss Indge and Miss Vowles, mathematically calculating their net profits from Beta Lambda. Miss Marshall and Miss Harbert, Madame and Miss Moore are gambling between themselves, the latter two betting on Delta Beta, while Miss Turner and Miss Arthur are leaving in disgust, hoping that their successors will have better luck.

The jockeys hope that the horses will be in better condition next year, and that the betting will be keener.

Sybil

My mother made no attempt to break the news gently. As soon as I was inside the door, she said bluntly, "Sybil's here." My questioning stare was then met by "She's seventeen," as if that explained everything.

I remarked charitably that it probably was not her fault, and most people are seventeen at one time or another. Then, somewhat grimly, I marched toward my room. Sybil was there, of course. Her armour was

strewn over every available piece of furniture except the chair by the window, and she was installed in that. She watched my entry in the mirror into which she had been gazing reverently before my approach interrupted her. "I'm just delighted to see you," she gurgled.

I indicated that I was just able to control my joy — with effort. Then she continued, "You know, I've looked forward to this visit for so long — ". She permitted a pensive shadow to flick across her over-large, over-pale blue eyes. "I adore the country, don't you?"

My gaze followed her hand as it waved toward the idyllic scene outside the window. To me, lacking in romantic appreciation, it consisted of very muddy black earth (in which there might be flowers later) fringing a plot of gray grass, soggy from the spring thaw. In the exact centre of this tableau were four discarded salmon tins that the dog had recently discovered in a frenzy of unnecessary activity and had there on display. Sybil sighed deeply. "It's all so beautiful," she murmured. "It's so peaceful after the city — ". Here she was interrupted by a violent misunderstanding between two emaciated black cats over the possession of the salmon cans.

When the din had subsided, she began a new subject — her fund of conversational topics was apparently inexhaustible. "Being with you this weekend will be so interesting. I love to talk to older women."

I intimated that this was probably a sign of maturity of judgment (and privately thought in terms of competition) and she agreed wholeheartedly. "I suppose I am old for my age," she said very seriously, "I've suffered so much. It was awfully clever of you to see it at once. I wish I were clever, but then you miss so much, don't you?"

Studying her pointed face, I wondered if she had been a ferret in a previous incarnation, or perhaps a were-wolf, but, in the midst of this satisfying reflection, I realized that some answer was expected from me. "Sometimes," I opined, carefully. This was sufficient to start the flood of words rushing about my ears again.

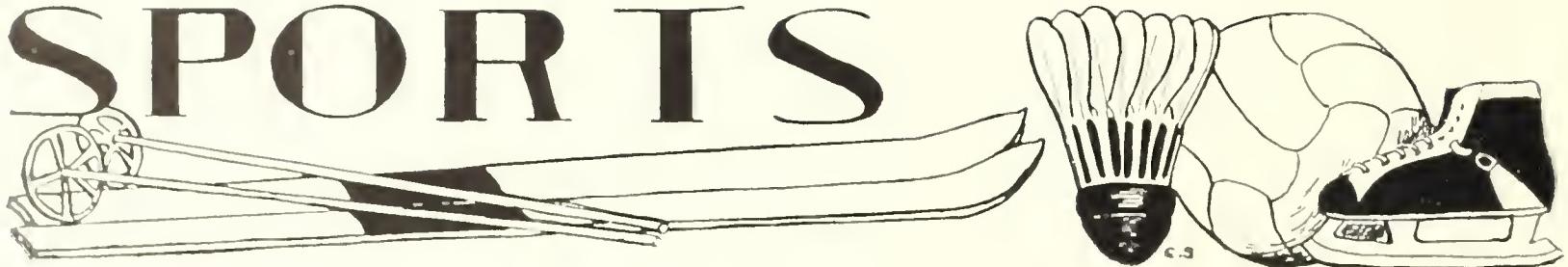
"Girls my own age just aren't to be trusted," said Sybil firmly, "You wouldn't believe the trouble I've had with them." (I thought I could and murmured something to that effect.) "But you only know school-girls," she continued with infinite scorn. "Of course, they're cases of arrested development — inhibited, naturally, and introverts. I loathe introverts, don't you?" (This, apparently, was merely a rhetorical question, for Sybil continued with scarcely a pause for breath.) "My family wanted me to be a lawyer, but I soon changed that plan. I just told them they couldn't keep me in school when I was sixteen. I didn't want to lose touch with people (Here I qualified her statement to read, "the masculine half of the human race") and anyway, studying makes you so academic."

I expressed a devout wish that she would never lose the common touch.
I never will," vowed Sybil.

She never will.

ELIZABETH ARTHUR.

SPORTS



There has been all round good sportsmanship, in both competitive and non-competitive sports ; and on account of the enthusiasm throughout the School this year we have been successful in most of our competitions.

TENNIS

On returning to school we started the season with the house tennis doubles which were won by Beta Lambda. Later, in the inter-school competitions, we were runners-up to Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's after an enjoyable afternoon. Those representing the School were as follows :—

Doone McMurtry
Joanna McLeod
Jane McCarthy
Pat MacDermot

We hope to have further competitions, and we hope that everyone will join in on Wednesdays and Saturday mornings this term.

BASKET BALL

This year there were many practices in which the whole Upper School took part enthusiastically, and our teams were successful in inter-scholastic competitions.

Our first game this season was against Miss Edgar's and the teams were excited at the prospect, not knowing how they stood in comparison with other schools. Both teams won, and managed to win all subsequent games in the private school league, owing to the able coaching of Miss Moore, and the enthusiasm of the players and the spectators.

At the end of the season Westmount High, the winning school in the Public School League, invited us to play them. After a hard fight we defeated their first team 23-22 but our second team was badly defeated. The friendliness of the girls from W.H.S. and the keen competition made the game the most enjoyable of the season. We were sorry we could not have a return match but hope this will be repeated in the future.

We also played an enjoyable game with the Old Girls, whom we managed to defeat. After this game we returned to the school to attend a delightful tea, given by the staff, followed by sports movies.

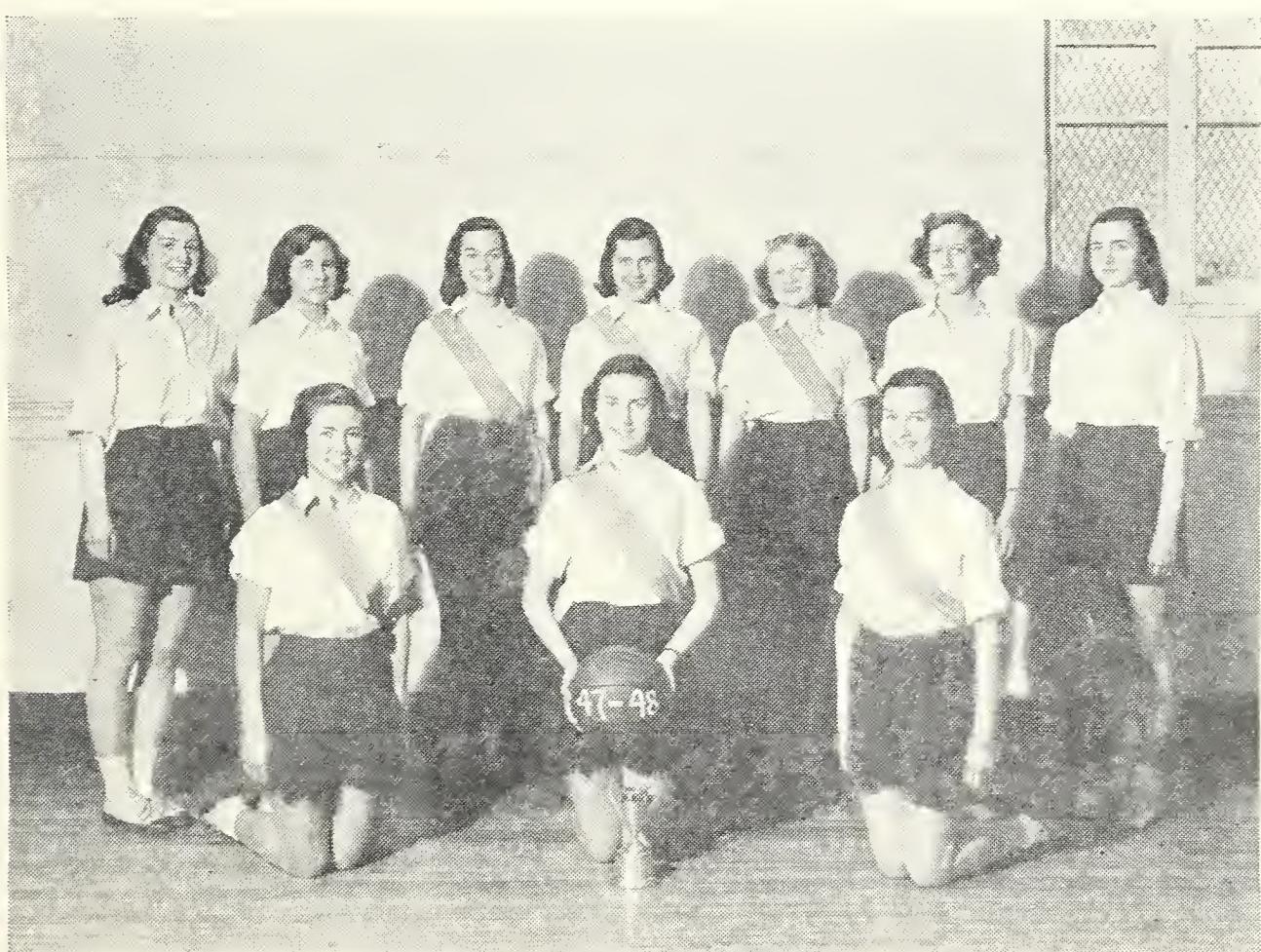
We should like to express our thanks to those who faithfully supported us and attended most of the games. We hope that the success and enthusiasm will continue next year.



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row:—Ann Bushell, Jane McCarthy (Captain).

Second Row:—Efa Heward, Marigold Savage, Joanna McLeod, Madeleine Stevens, Gerda Thomas.



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row:—Doone McMurtry, Sylvia Ponder (Captain), Barbara MacLean.

Second Row:—Jocelyn Rutherford, Mary Ann Currie, Belle MacLean, Martha Fisher, Lorna Brown, Patsy MacDermot, Pat Burns.

SKIING

This year skiing got off to a good start and practising under the able coaching of Bud Mackley were many keen skiers every Monday afternoon. There was a great deal of competition for the teams and on the first Saturday in March the races were held at St. Sauveur, sponsored by the Penguin Ski Club. There were 92 contestants divided amongst the 12 schools. It was a beautiful day and both the slalom hill and the trail were in good condition. Everybody enjoyed themselves and we managed to win the senior team shield while the junior team did very well, coming third for their cup.



SKI TEAMS

First Row: Senior Team. Jane McCarthy, Sylvia Ponder, Martha Fisher (Captain), Ann Bushell, Doone McMurtry, Margaret Notman.

Second Row: Junior Team. Beverley Mellen (Captain), Jill McConnell, Efa Heward, Jane Aitken, Pamela Stewart, Marjorie Scott.

SKATING

Both the Middle and Junior Schools did a great deal of skating on the school rink this winter. The Middle School was very enthusiastic and arranged a hockey game with Selwyn House School, in which they showed that girls were almost as good as boys, as the score was only 1-0 for Selwyn House. Many of the girls in the Upper School skated during lunch hour but the order for this term is "STUDY". No soccer, we're afraid.

SPORTS DAY

Swimming Meet and Sports Day are the two remaining events this year, and we are all looking forward to them.

We hope success will continue in succeeding years and that more and more people will participate.

A Hockey Game

THE STUDY vs. SELWYN HOUSE

On Saturday afternoon, one week after the half-term holiday in February, nine boys from Selwyn House and twelve girls from the Study met for a hockey game at Murray Park rink. The boys came thinking it would be an easy job to beat the girls ; the girls came hopeful and determined. Both teams wore their school colours.

There were three fifteen-minute periods with five-minute rests.

The girls found out in the first period that the boys were tough customers. During the game three penalties were handed out to Selwyn House, none to the Study.

At the end of the first period there was no score.

In the second period the girls woke up, we could skate circles around the boys but they passed and shot better than we did. A fast-driven puck got past Dorothy, who was playing a great game in goals, and made the score 1-0 for Selwyn House.

The third period was fast and furious. The Study several times got possession of the puck only to lose it to the boys at the Selwyn House goal.

The whistle blew and the score remained 1-0 for Selwyn House.

The game was great fun and everybody was happy afterwards. We all hope to play again next year.

THE LINE UP

D. Johnson	goal	D. MacNaughton
J. Townsend	defence	E. Molson
E. Vale	"	F. Meredith
C. Molson	right wing	S. Molson
A. Lucas	left wing	P. Duffield
F. Heward	centre	M. Thornton
M. Ogilvie	substitutes	P. Chrone
C. Porteous	"	A. Bogart
S. Parsons	"	W. Daily
A. Cassils	"	
A. Ballantyne	"	
A. Powell	"	

D. J. and C. M., Lower IV.

The Dreadful Consequences of Studying too Hard

(by one who does not know)

Oh what a nightmare I have had !
To study late no more I'll try.
I dreamt that I was at McGill
And all were teachers there but I.

With fearsome locks they turned on me :
"You are not here on time," they said.
I took one look at the exams
And almost wished that I were dead.

One said to me, "If X is five,
Within two minutes you tell me
How you express in terms of X
The number 65903."

Another said, "I'll watch the time
And, e'er the clock strikes half-past eight
In some three hundred lines of verse
Describe a socialistic state."

Three hundred lines ! I could not write
Ten lines of verse on anything,
But, e'er I could protest at all,
Another voice said to me, "Sing."

"What shall I sing?" "This simple air,
(Although we seldom deal in such.)
And for the words a Spanish verb
(Irregular) would please me much."

No word of Spanish do I know.
"Is this Matric?" I thought, aghast.
Then I gave way to bleak despair.
"Most certainly I have not passed."

But, all at once, I heard a shriek
From all who were assembled
And I awoke and, with relief,
Found myself falling out of bed.

Unhappy girls who take Matric,
Be warned by my most wretched fate.
Learn everything that you will need,*
But, oh, do not stay up too late !

ELIZABETH BURGESS, Sixth Form.

* Except in the History course.

A Backward Glance

The country I look back on is a rugged, beautiful land, sacred to the three leading religions of the world, Palestine. It is in this country that you can still see shepherds, clothed in robes such as those worn thousands of years ago, sitting on the ground playing home-made hollow pipes. But I do not want you to believe that all the Land of Israel is like this ; there are there, towns which are extremely modern in all ways. In Haifa there is a large port, built only fifteen years ago, and factories are all fully equipped with the newest machinery.

Education varies. The Jewish children go to public schools, owned by the Jewish Agency for Palestine, and after they are thirteen they go to private schools. Arabs, I regret to say, have no schools and therefore very few are educated, but those who are either go to Government schools, which are not very good, or the Christian Arabs go to foreign mission schools ; and of course if an Arab boy or girl understands Hebrew, which is very rare, he can go to a Jewish school. Holidays, both religious and celebrative, are common among the Jews and for this reason the Jewish schools only have one school holiday a year—for two months in the summer. The only university in the country is the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, but Arabs can either go to Beirut or Damascus. Hospitals and medical services are adequate. There are the Jewish Hadassah hospitals and the Government hospitals, which again are not first rate. Another medical service is the Magen David Haaden, the Jewish equivalent of the Red Cross. It gives first aid treatment and whenever anyone is injured, the Magen David goes to the rescue.

A very noticeable thing in the country of Palestine is the Jewish communal settlements. These are villages in which no individual owns anything ; he works for the village and in return he gets food, clothing, education, lodging, and recreation for himself and for his family. Each of these communal settlements has a kindergarten, a school, a swimming pool and a hospital. The settlements are largely self-supporting.

I think these settlements are very good because they provide employment and welfare for thousands of people, and also they help people to love their neighbours as they love themselves, and this is a splendid thing, as those who grow up there will only know hatred as a thing read about in books, not as a practised way of life.

All Jewish children in Palestine must spend two years in a communal settlement before they can get their Matriculation certificate from school or a degree from college or university. This is so that they can learn an occupation and also it is to develop the land which was once a barren desert where nobody could grow anything.

I feel that there will soon be an end to strife in Palestine (as no Palestine Jew or Arab wants enmity) and those two great races the Arabs and the Jews will unite together to make a peaceful and prosperous Palestine.

Seeing that the land has only been experimented with in the past twenty five years, I think that in a few years from now Palestine, the Holy Land, will no longer be a desert, unexploited by civilization, but a country where the land will flourish and in which prosperous business men live and practise. Only in the holy shrines in Jerusalem and Bethlehem will there still be the same feeling of quiet sanctity which has remained and will remain there for thousands of years.

JUDITH GROSE, *Upper IV.*



CYRIL THE SQUIRREL

It was a spring day and rather wet
When my very first squirrel I met
He said, "How do you do?" and I bade him good day,
But that wasn't all, he'd a lot more to say.
He chattered away from the top of the tree
Looking down with his bright beady eyes at me.
"My mother" said squirrel,
"At birth named me Cyril,
Although after she called me her little 'pest'
A name I deserve but sincerely detest."
This is what Cyril told me,
Way up from the top of the tree.
He told of the nuts he had stored away
For some other cold and wintry day,
He confessed he'd dug some bulbs from my garden
And he asked if I'd please, oh please grant his pardon ?
I nodded to him yes and he scampered away
But first he said, "My conscience is cleared so I'll say good day."

PAMELA STEWART, *Upper IV.*





Few people in the Upper School are aware of the different types of art work being done in the Study's art room, due to the fact that it is not in the main school building. Little is known of the making of stage scenery and paper and wire animals, and the clay modelling that are so busily being carried on.

The productions of "Tom Sawyer" and "Rumpelstiltskin" have proved to be quite an undertaking. Sandrea Ogilvie and Margaret Notman among others, have certainly provided the stage with some very professional looking scenery.

Masks, models and murals have been the main centre of enthusiasm in the art periods of the Lower and Middle Schools. The girls of the lower classes have produced some very fantastic creations. Each child is allowed to choose her own colour schemes and paint in the way she feels best, whether it be a lion in a cage or an Indian. Much to everybody's delight, the magazine "Canadian Art" is going to mention some of this work in its summer edition, using a number of these paintings to illustrate the article.

The Christmas crêche this year was carried out in somewhat brighter tones than usual making it look very oriental but just as appealing as ever.

Although there is fun and enjoyment in the younger girls' classes, the art members from the Upper School combine hard work with pleasure to obtain good results in their McGill School Certificate. Miss Seath carefully selects still life arrangements varying from spring flowers to jugs and bowls, sometimes with futuristic backgrounds or colourful silks, but always interesting. The senior girls realize how invaluable Miss Seath's instruction is when they are preparing to take their examination.

As soon as the weather gets warmer and sunny, there is going to be a sketching class on the mountain every Saturday morning. This is by all means a delightful close to a year that has been so full of interesting developments.

JILL CROSSEN PAT MACDERMOT,
Upper V, Sixth.



The Popularity of Detective Stories

The street was poorly lighted, and I picked my way between the ash cans and refuse of the lower district of town. A youth was leaning against one of the iron lamp-posts, reading a torn pocket-edition of "True Detective Stories". He looked puzzled and slightly disturbed. I knelt down to stroke an alley cat as an excuse to stay and watch the effects of the stories upon him. He suddenly noticed my presence and asked me if I wanted the magazine, for he was nearly finished reading it. He said, however, that there was one case that greatly disturbed him. I offered my services and together we read "The Case of M. C. Jones", which he appreciated, and he thanked me heartily.

Perhaps it seems strange to you that I wander about the slums, conversing with youths I have never before seen, but that is all part of my work. I am marking a survey for my company of the circulation of our detective magazines, which have come a long way since I first started working on them. I realise that I have given very little proof so far of their popularity ; but let me elaborate.

After my brief encounter with the young street prowler, I continued my walk up-town and, in my journey. I passed many news-stands and stopped to inquire how the sales of detective stories were faring. They all seemed to be selling very well, and I thought I had done enough work for that night. Our stories obviously offered a favourite pastime to many citizens and completely occupied their minds, for a time, with solving mysteries and thinking about horrors. I thought, too, that these magazines might influence people to help the law ; but, them again, they might give them bad ideas.

Sir Thomas Williams, a judge of distinction and an old friend, lives in a large and very decorative house in the better part of town ; and, as it was still early, I decided to stop in and congratulate him on his recent accomplishments at court. I crept stealthily into his study, unannounced, so that I should not disturb him if he was busy working on some new case ; but, to my astonishment and amusement, he was engrossed in "True Detective Stories". I did not bother him, but quietly backed out, leaving him to his preoccupation. I could hardly wait to print that in our next edition !

I stopped at the local drug-store to buy the evening paper, and was agreeably surprised to find two of my old friends sipping coffee at the counter. We chatted for a short time ; but they had to hurry home to listen to their favourite detective story, which was due on the radio shortly. My luck was amazing that night : I had obtained a great deal of proof that detective stories were rising in popularity.

My nephew, a young curly-headed boy, greeted me on my arrival home ; but with a look of fear in his tear-filled eyes — hardly an expected welcome. My sister told me that she had been listening to a mystery thriller on the radio, and Johnny had listened too — at the key-hole — and now he was trembling with fear at what he had heard. Here was one boy on my list for the popularity poll who was definitely against detective stories !

SALLY McDougall, Upper V.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY BIRTHDAY FOR LADIES OF UNCERTAIN AGE

Close now the tome scholastic,
Let problems go to pot —
Your spirits are elastic
Although the years are not.
At least you're born and sti' alive,
And not much more than twenty-five !

Play truant, take a holiday,
Go paint the village red.
Eat all the things you shouldn't,
Or spend the day in bed.
You know what riots suit you best —
Make whoopee with abandoned zest.

Reek richly of Gardenia,
Drench your sweet self with 'eau',
Pour in the salts and bubbles
All at one whiffy go.
Or get in a tremendous rage —
'Twill help you to forget your age.

Mix yourself something potent,
Fill beaker to the brim,
Then while you're feeling merry
And full of 'vin' and vim,
Go spend a fortune on a gown
In which you'll really go to town.

Try all of these at once, I pray,
And you will much enjoy the day.
Go bang a drum and yell 'hurrah !'
And you'll forget how old you are.

ONE OF THE STAFF

MY GARDEN

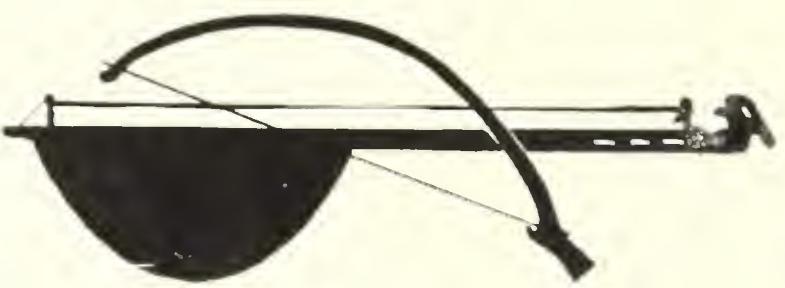
In my little garden plot,
There are sixty flowers,
Which is really quite a lot,
All refreshed by showers.

Some are pink, some are blue,
Some with little buds closed tight,
When softly comes the falling dew,
The flowers close up for the night.

JOCELYN GORDON,

Lower III, Age 10.

MUSIC



This year the Upper School has learned many new songs — among them the opening chorus of Gluck's opera "Orpheus", Purcell's "Sound the Trumpet", Schubert's delightful "Der Musensohn", "In Derry Vale", the famous Londonderry air, with descant and the duet "Now with our hands united" from Don Giovanni by Mozart. The Middle School is rehearsing the operetta "Rumpelstiltskin". The music consists of many jolly folk-tunes and dances, and we are looking forward to hearing it. The Lower School has also learned many songs, and in the June concert they will sing a song with descant, which is quite an achievement for young children.

Some members of the Upper School have been present at each of the concerts of the McGill String Quartette, at which they have had the opportunity of hearing all six of Beethoven's quartettes Op. 18.

The Pipers have had a most exciting time. Gerda Thomas, Prudence Loble, Joan Kimber, Elizabeth Burgess, Maria Cerny, Joan Cumine, Miss Durston, Kathryn Mason and Pamela Smart make up the advanced group. Kathryn and Pam are still pipers although they have left school and are busy at McGill. At Christmas the pipers accompanied Joan Cumine who sang "This Endris Night" and we also played "I Saw Three Ships", in which the beginners as well as some of the Sixth Form took part.

The Ottawa Junior Music Club invited us to play at a concert which they were giving on April third, and much of the Easter holidays was spent in practising for this event. After somewhat frantic last-minute preparations, we finally reached Ottawa, all looking very smart in the latest Gibson girl fashions. Among the selections that we played were "Le Petit Bossu" and "The Shepherdess", two alto pipe airs, and several trios and quartettes, including a Gavotte by Handel. The audience was most appreciative and afterwards asked us many questions concerning the making and playing of pipes, as their curiosity had been aroused both by our performance and by the brief talk given by Miss Blanchard. Our short stay in Ottawa was very enjoyable, for we were taken to lunch by members of the Music Club and afterwards we were shown through the Art Gallery by Mr. McCurry, the Director, who afterwards drove us to the station, where we succeeded in catching the train just as it was due to leave. Soon we are to play in public again, this time before the Quebec Music Teacher, Association.

Both pipers and singing-classes have now embarked on the final effort of their busy musical year, preparing for the Church service and the June Concert. Due to the efforts of Miss Blanchard, the year has been a successful one and, on behalf of the school, we wish to express our thanks to her.

ELIZABETH BURGESS

JOAN CUMINE

The Funniest Person I Ever Saw

The funniest person I ever saw was a short stout man. He wore a top hat and striped trousers, a dinner jacket and patent leather shoes. He carried white gloves and a cane.

I met him in summer. His face resembled a frog's but he had a short beard. His mouth was wreathed in smiles and his dark eyes twinkled. His hair was white and his nose and mouth were small.

He stopped me and asked me how to get to Eaton's. I told him how and continued on my way. Turning a corner I came face to face with him a few minutes later.

"Hello," he said, "We meet again." He smiled at me. "I seem to have taken the wrong turning somewhere," he said, "Good-bye."

I heard him tapping his cane on the sidewalk long after I lost sight of him.

"Funny person," I mused. "He should have been able to get to Eaton's all right. It's just a few blocks over."

"Were you speaking to me?" said someone close behind me.

Whirling about I came face to face with the same little old man !

"Were you speaking to me?" he repeated.

"Why, why, no sir," I stammered.

"Call me Eddy. Eddy Roundabout," he said.

"Yes, sir, I mean Eddy," I said. "How did you get back so soon?"

"What is my name without a doubt? Yes that's it, Roundabout. I was given that name for a reason, dear. Because I'm never there, but always here. You see I even talk in rhyme; well I'll see you again sometime."

He walked off whistling. Completely baffled I walked away.

He certainly was a funny person !

CYNTHIA MOLSON,
Lower IV, Age 11.



The Last Time I Saw Ottawa

No psychological study of the Canadian history classes at The Study would be complete without some consideration of the trip they made to Ottawa on April 16. That excursion sheds a strange light upon the characters of the girls and, even to one who has known them (and thus, inevitably, loved them) for several years, it was full of revelations.

On April 16, the Lower V and the Canadian history section of Form VI marched upon Ottawa — fifteen-fold. That their marching was done chiefly up and down the aisles of C.P.R. trains was perhaps to be expected, for these were no stalwart daughters of the pioneers, braving hardships to see their government in action. In fact, an air of excessive gentility pervaded the entire trip. To anyone who has listened to the usual lunch-hour conversations at The Study, the cathedral hush of the room off the House of Commons restaurant was almost shattering. Anyone who has witnessed classes changing rooms would have been startled to watch the filing of these same students through innumerable doors in the House of Commons. The procedure, followed for one day only, was for each girl to wait graciously for the other fourteen to go first. This produced interesting results, on the whole. The reluctance to enter doors may, of course, have been something subconscious. Perhaps, these girls have a fear of closed doors and, no matter where they are, they shudder at the thought that a class has already begun ! So far as I know, no one removed her shoes as she approached holy ground, (and that again accentuated the difference between April 16 and any ordinary day) but at least most seemed to go on tip-toe.

A second characteristic of the Canadian history classes on tour may be somewhat more evident at other times. Perhaps it was the imminence of history in the making : perhaps it was the spectacle of pressmen scribbling vigorously in the gallery : perhaps it was the pages dashing back and forth with notes that never appear in Hansard that piqued the curiosity of a group of girls who are sometimes unpiqued. Perhaps it was the flags in honour of the visiting Belgians : perhaps it was the march of the Consumers' League, placarded and militant. Whatever the cause, feverish rumours spread from girl to girl. Unanswered questions alternated with eager (and short) pauses.

Rumours seethed for the entire day — rumours that the Speaker's procession into the Commons was really the procession for the Belgian Prince Regent, rumours that the C.P.R. had changed its timetable : rumours that Ottawa had two stations and that we were rapidly approaching the wrong one... The entire excursion was carried through to the accompaniment of minor wails of : "But Helen says...", "But... but... we thought...", "Where do we go next ?" : "Why ?" : "But, the train has to stop, Beverley got off at the last station..." : "No, there she is." : most delightful of all this small talk, I feel, was the question uttered by one earnest student who had just been deposited on the train five minutes before it was to pull out of the Ottawa station. "Where are we going now ?" she inquired anxiously as she leapt from the train back to the platform she had just left, "They say we're going to a museum."

Certainly rumours never seem to have flourished quite so well in any other atmosphere. Never before, at any rate, had I realized how receptive the Canadian history classes could be : never before had I dreamed that such a thirst for information existed among them. Surely one who thrives on rumour should also smack her lips with glee when each new historical incident is presented to her ? It is logical to suppose that the two would be related, is it not ?

Now that the smoke obscuring the battles of that day has thinned somewhat, these remarkable features are more clearly visible. The down-right approach of the student who asked the representatives of the Consumers' League if they were subversive, the desire for companionship that made fifteen girls sit where only eight were meant to be — these fade before the memory of a politeness that was almost oppressive, and a desire for knowledge that was overpowering in its intensity. These memories must remain.

M. E. A.



To Lorna

(on being asked to write for the magazine)

Oh Lorna, Lorna, spare me please,
I cannot write at all with ease,
And though the time is half past two
I still have all my work to do.

To answer questions one, two, three,
In exercises A and B.
And then to do one to eleven
On page a hundred, twenty-seven.

To make a French vocabulaire
For tests which make me tear my hair.
To write a composition too,
On what it is I like to do.

Oh Lorna, please forgive me now,
I will write next year, that I vow !
But Lorna has not heard my plea
For she is doing geometry.

JEANNE BURGESS, *Upper IV.*

A Trip to Ottawa

For the last two years it has been customary for the Lower V to accompany Miss Arthur on a History tour of Ottawa. This year the four girls in the Sixth form who are taking Canadian history also went with the lucky class who were able to miss a day of school. Miss Turner, our visitor who is here from England this year, came too, as she had never been to Ottawa before.

We started off at 8.25 on Friday morning from Windsor Station. I rather think that the trainmen's supply of chocolate bars and magazines was just about exhausted when we reached the capital city.

There were on the same train a group of housewives who were on their way to Ottawa to complain to Mr. Abbott about high prices.

When we got to our destination we were met at the Union Station by Mr. Brooke Claxton's secretary, Dick Wright, and in four cars we were driven around the famous driveways and back through infamous Hull, Quebec.

Then we went to the Parliament buildings and met Mr. Claxton. After that we went upstairs and had a very delicious lunch in the parliamentary restaurant. Feeling much stronger, we now felt able to go on a tour of the whole building.

We were just in time to see the Speaker's parade, on return from our tour. As this meant the session was just about to start, we adjourned to the House of Commons. It was very interesting for a while, but then Mr. Church got up, and it seemed to us that he went on for hours : in reality it was only about thirty-five minutes.

Finally Dick Wright came in and told us that our fellow passengers of the train, namely the housewives, were collected outside the building in great numbers. We immediately jumped up and literally raced outside, bombarding Miss Arthur with questions such as, "Where are we going ? What's happening ? Why did we leave so suddenly ? What's the rush, anyway ?" But it was futile, all Miss Arthur replied was — "Don't fuss, girls."

When we got outside we found hundreds of housewives, waving slogans and banners about high prices and babbling amongst themselves and to anyone else. Practically everyone in our group wandered around, gazing at the sights and looking extremely amused. Various comments came from the onlooking women, such as, "Don't laugh, girls, we're doing this for you. Come and join our ranks." This also succeeded in adding to our mirth. Ann Bushell was carrying a "Study Chronicle" and got mistaken for a reporter.

Finally we broke away from the general melée and branched off into various directions, Judy and I to "Rockcliffe", the Sixth to the shops and the rest to the Chateau Laurier.

When Judy and I arrived at the station at 5.20 we found the four Sixth Formers, Efa and Beverley already there. We had a moment of panic when the trainman said that the train went at 5.20. And Miss Arthur and the rest were not back yet. As none of us had our tickets except the Sixth

Formers, we were racing around in all directions. Sylvia Ponder went once more to the trainman and found that the train did not leave until 5.40. Very much relieved, we saw Miss Arthur arrive with the others a few minutes later. We got on the train and had dinner a few minutes later.

Afterwards, we played a hilarious game of "Truth or Consequences." I'm afraid that we must have disturbed the other passengers, who were unfortunate enough to be in the same car.

At about 9.50 we approached Montreal. We got off at Westmount where I found my father waiting for me. After dropping a few people off at their respective homes, we went home ourselves. When we reached our house, I was immediately shooed off to bed before I could pour out the tales of our trip. So, I had to solace myself by dreaming about it that night.

GAY HAMPSON, *Lower V.*



The Study Mouse

I was sleeping soundly in my hole when — sniff ! What was that delicious smell ! I woke with a start.

I peeked cautiously out of my hole, but everything was a blurr.

"My goodness," I said. "How silly of me to forget my glasses !"

I put them on and peeked out. I had a good view of the Upper A classroom, in the Study. Over at the other side of the room was — a biscuit ! May be if I were quick, I could get it. I ran over the teacher's toes, and everyone screamed.

"A mouse !"

I escaped, out of the room, without any biscuit.

After school, I changed my home. I moved into Miss Hancox' classroom. There were many books to read. Every evening, after school, I read books.

One evening, as I was reading "English Literature Mediaeval," Miss Hancox came into the room. She saw me.

"How do you do, Mr. Mouse ?" she said.

"How do you do, Miss-er-a-Hanclox ?"

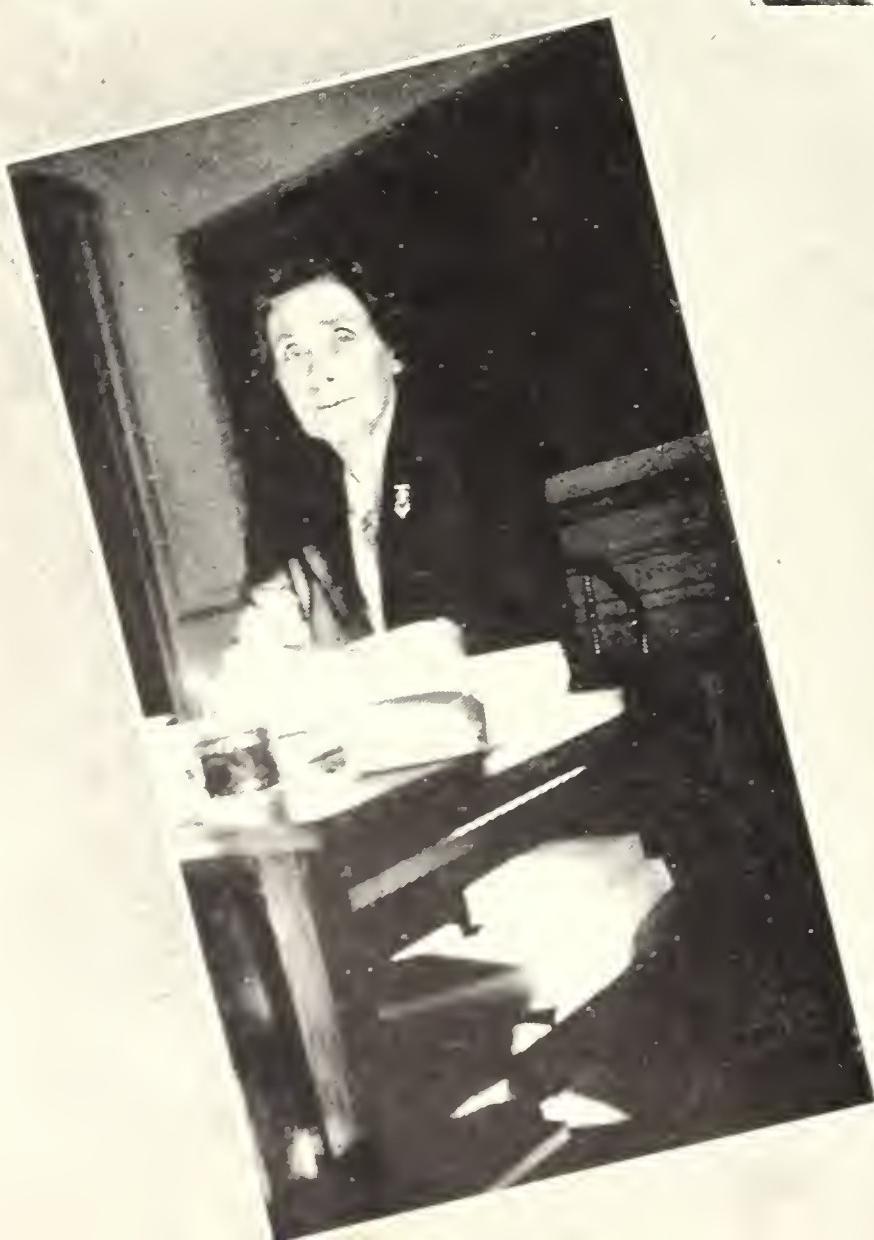
"My name is HanCOX, not HanCLOX."

"Oh ; a-could you spare me a biscuit ? How I wish I were a prefect ! I could have all the biscuits I wanted !"

"Well, Mr. Mouse, I will give you some tomorrow."

"My name is Sir Mouse, the Great," I said with pride, pushing my glasses on my nose, "And this is a very interesting book."

"Would you like a cup, er- a thimble of tea ?" asked Miss Hancox.



"That would be exquisite, just exquisite. Will you share it with me?"

"Yes ; I have a cup of tea and a thimble here!"

Miss Hancox filled the thimble, and we drank.

"Good?"

"Needs a drop of ketchup and some pepper."

She gave me the pepper. I drank.

"Good?"

"Still needs a drop of ketchup."

"I've only got cake sauce. Will that do?"

"Okay."

She gave me some. I drank and made a face.

"Good?" asked Miss Hancox.

"Exquisite!" said I. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye. Come and see me tomorrow."

"I'll be here. Goodbye."

I ran off.

Every evening, Miss Hancox and I drank a cup of tea. We talked of books, and pencil-sharpeners that needed fixing ; we talked of grammar, ink bottles, dirty sewers, and microscopes. We talk of pens, salt, and cheese, and any other thing that needed talking about.

But, alas ! Miss Harvey found out that there was a mouse in Miss Hancox' room.

"I shall set a trap," she said.

"Please don't," said Miss Hancox.

"Why?"

"Well, I had a giant potato-bug pet, and he escaped. Maybe he'll be caught in the trap. He loves cheese."

"All right, but try to catch it."

When I heard this, I was furious.

"Why, do you think, I, Sir Mouse the Great, would get caught in a TRAP?" I said to Miss Hancox. "How dare you insult me!"

Well, that is the end of my tail or tale, for now, reader, I will tell you of my ONE weakness. I can't tell tail and tale apart.

But, aside from that, I am ahem — "Sir Mouse, the Great."

GRACE RICHARDSON, *Lower IV.*



SCIENCE CLUB NOTES

The Science Club is a new activity in the school which owes much to the inspiration of its originator. Miss Turner's suggestion of forming such a club was enthusiastically approved by a group of about twenty girls, and owing to her untiring leadership it has been a great success. It was our aim to visit factories and other establishments whose processes were unknown to us. Although we had difficulty in assigning a day for our meetings we have managed to visit a few such places of scientific interest.

Last October a group of us set out for the "Consumers Glass Company" in Montreal West. Here amongst noise and a good deal of heat we saw bottles being made. Our guide, Mr. Anglin, showed us the huge smelters and furnaces. We saw red hot glass containers being turned out, cooled, labelled, stamped and tested.

Our next trip was to Elmhurst Dairy. Although most of us had been there many a time for other than scientific reasons, we had never been behind the scenes. We were shown bottles being sterilized, milk being tested and pasteurized, bottled and packed. Perhaps the most enjoyable part of this interesting tour was the free sample of ice cream.

The Frosst Laboratories was another well known establishment the Science Club visited during the Easter Term. There we saw the ingredients of pills and medicine being mixed and made up as finished products. We were shown all the steps in the manufacturing of every type and colour of pill, from purple to yellow. By looking through glass windows we saw hypodermic needles being sterilized and prescriptions being filled. We appreciated the trip although it took place on one of the coldest days last winter.

In addition to making tours, Miss Turner showed us several interesting movies, and we carried out some food tests. The Club's activities have not only been a lot of fun but also extremely interesting and worth while from every point of view. During the longer summer term we hope to be able to go on several other trips and so complete a very successful first year.

MARY ANN CURRIE, Upper V.

IT WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

(Apologies to Wordsworth)

It was a phantom of delight,
I saw it shining in my sight,
The colour was a beauteous yellow,
"It's butter ! It's butter ! ripe and mellow !"
My eyes like coals of fire gleamed,
I would go mad, so glad I seemed,
I saw it upon nearer view,
A spirit ! yet some butter too,
Yet as I looked upon that scene,
It disappeared ; 'twas but a dream.

ZOE SOUTHAM, Middle V.

STUDY TIME



JUDY McGREEVY, Lower IV

I Remember Another Country

The country of which I am thinking will not be found on a map, or in the world, but in your mind — if you are imaginative.

It is an island in the middle of an imaginary ocean. The island is not very large, only about five miles long and three miles wide. On the east side there is a long, sandy beach. The grains of sand are very fine and golden-brown in colour. On rough, stormy days, when the sky and sea are black and uninviting, the foaming waves dash up on the beach, only to subside again.

A little to the left on the beach there is a small, narrow path, and the ground rises steeply. The trees seem to protrude up into the heavens, so steep is the rise. At the right of the path there is a small pool that pushes the trees back.

Early every morning a score of thundering hooves can be heard flying down the path. The owners of these hooves are wild ponies and horses. They reach the pool, slow to a walk, daintily proceed to the water and drink. As soon as their thirst is satisfied the animals trot towards the beach, wade into the usually quiet water and swim about. They stumble out of the water onto the beach and roll around kicking, and thrashing with their legs.

The ponies and horses are wild, shaggy, unkempt animals. Their leader is a large, black stallion. He has a long, flowing mane and tail, two white stockings on his off fore and near hind leg and a large blaze down his face.

When the black devil has finished his drink, bath, and roll he herds his flock back up the path. If a mare or foal tries to break away he nips her sharply on her hind quarters making her squeal. If this does not convince the mare that she should stay with the other horses, a tattoo of drumming hooves can be heard on her ribs. At this outbreak of temper from the stallion the mare always scurries back to the protection of the herd.

The stallion directs his charges back up the path to a small, grassy clearing. In the centre there is a broken down shack. The roof has a large hole in it, and the sides have caved in toward the middle.

The animals pay no attention to the wooden huddle, but direct their steps to the opposite side of the clearing. Here, there is another path. The ponies and horses canter along the trail. The sunlight falls on the horses' backs making pretty patterns when the branches and twigs interfere.

From this trail, which leads to the west side of the island many branches have been made going in all different directions. The stallion turns off on one of these trails and soon the herd comes to a small pasture. The canter slows to a walk, heads drop and the animals graze, moving about for sweeter tasting grass.

In the woods there is a great clamour. Chipmunks and squirrels scold one another. Birds twitter and chirp, large animals crash through the under-brush and smaller ones run over last years' dead leaves and twigs.

Late in the afternoon a cool breeze springs up. The shadows lengthen and the woods gradually become quiet. The sun sets making the sky a flaming red and orange. Dusk sets in, the night becomes darker. Soon the moon comes up. The rays of light fall softly on the ocean ripples, and penetrate into the woods and clearings.

ANNE HAYES, Lower IV.

Debating Club Notes

This year a series of fiery debates was started under Miss Arthur's able guidance. At the opening meeting in September we decided to follow Parliamentary procedure; Marigold Savage was elected Prime Minister, Margaret Notman, Leader of the Opposition and Gerda Thomas, Speaker.

We bravely started out with the Prime Minister bringing in a bill to outlaw the atomic bomb. After much frenzied research and argument on a subject which we knew little about, the bill was finally passed. The next bill, brought in by Pat Burns, to remove history from the curriculum, proved very amusing as Miss Arthur was supporting Pat from a corner.

Shirley Wales, after leaving the House pale and trembling from her wild gesticulations, successfully brought in a bill for tolerance according to the Springfield plan. The next debate, giving equal privileges to Canadian Indians, was not very successful, as Elizabeth Chadburn, who brought in the bill, had to leave after her excellent speech, for a "rendez-vous" with Madame. (It was Friday afternoon.)

After this unfortunate incident, we decided to hold our debates during Tuesday lunch-hour, until the time when returns are abolished.

Two weeks later, Sylvia Ponder vehemently brought in a bill demanding equal pay for equal work. The House was in an uproar after Miss Arthur confidently stated that all women are "potential clinging vines". The feeble cries of "order" from the Deputy Speaker, Joan Cumine, were drowned out by the near massacre of the History teacher and the Head Girl.

The Christmas exams and holiday gave time for peace negotiations, and debates were resumed after the New Year with comparative calm. Lorna Brown brought in a bill outlawing Communism in Canada, and the opposition showed their true colour when McCarthakoff and Pondersky cast four votes apiece in the secret ballot. Nevertheless, the bill was passed by a narrow margin, and order was restored to the House by the removal of the members McCarthakoff and Pondersky.

With such threats to the security of the country, a bill instituting compulsory military training was brought in by Jane McCarthy and passed with very little opposition. Parliament was finally defeated when Zoe Southam brought in a bill to allow unrestricted immigration and a rather confused debate ensued. With the formation of the new government the Easter exams and holidays were upon us, and the debates have not since been resumed.

We hope that these debates will become one of the school's regular activities even without Miss Arthur's wonderful support, as we feel that the ability to speak in public is necessary to every girl in this present day.

GERDA THOMAS,
MARIGOLD SAVAGE.

MY BUNNY

I have a little bunny
And he's very very funny,
He's got great big floppy ears
So he always always hears.

He hops as fast as he can go
On top of all the fluffy snow.
My bunny's very very gay
And very happy every day.

LYN GEDDES, *Lower III*, Age 9.

BEARS

Once there was a boy named Bob. One day he said to his mother, "Mummy, could I please go into the wood by myself?"

His mother said :

"If you take care of yourself."

Bob said he would take care of himself. So he went into the wood. Soon he met a bear. The bear said :

"Come on with me".

Bob said he would come. Soon they came to a sort of thicket. All the other bears said :

"He looks like a good dinner".

Bob wished he had not come with the bear. But it was too late to wish. The bears were stirring up the fire. Then Bob said to one of the bears :

"Is there anything I could do for you so that you would not eat me?" The bear said :

"If you will do some work for us, we could find something else for dinner."

Bob thought this would be better than being eaten. So that night he slept with the bears. The next morning when he asked the bears what he was to do, one of the bears said :

"Fetch the wood, make the beds, get the honey."

So when he was supposed to be getting the wood, he went to the nearest house. The man in the house drove him home to his mother.

WENDY STEVENSON, *Lower A*, Age 8.

SNOWFLAKES

Snowflakes, snowflakes, falling down,
Dropping gently on the ground,
Snowflakes, snowflakes, here you are,
Falling ever near and far.
Winter is a lovely sight,
When snowflakes make a blanket white.
Spring will melt all the snow,
Then my snowflakes will all go.

DENNY LANDE, *Lower A, Age 7.*

BLUEBIRD

I saw a little bluebird go hop, hop, hop,
I asked the little birdie to stop, stop, stop.
The little birdie answered, "I really can not not.
I've some baby birds to feed,
On worms that I've just caught.

SANDRA STEWART, *Lower A, Age 8.*

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

Which way does the wind blow?
And where does he go ?
He rides o'er the water,
He rides o'er the snow.
Oh, tell me ! Oh tell me !
Where the wind goes.

WENDY TIDMARSH, *Lower A, Age 7.*

TROUBLE

I have a little pussy-cat,
As sweet as she can be,
My mummy calls her Trouble,
'Cause that's what she can be.

JOY DAVIE, *Lower A, Age 8.*

THE SUN

The sun is gone down,
And the moon's in the sky,
But the sun will come up,
And the moon be laid by.
When winter comes
It will die : . . no, no ;
It will only hide
From the frost and the snow.

WILSIE BAXTER, *Lower A, Age 8.*

TREES

In the woods all is dark, all is still,
Hear the sound of falling logs that travel to the lumber-mill.
Hear the woodsmen cry out, "Timber!"
With an axe their muscles limber.
See the trees so great and tall,
Hear their mighty crashing fall.
Think of all the things they make,
As they are cut down for our sake.

ANNA LOUISE GUTHRIE, *Upper A*, Age 9.

THE LITTLE YELLOW TULIP

There was once a patch of yellow tulips by the bank of a lovely singing brook in fairyland. One day, a baby tulip went for a walk in the woods. It was getting late, and the little tulip began to cry. Suddenly a kind voice said, "Why are you crying, little tulip?" The tulip looked around and saw a fairy standing before her. "Dear fairy, I am lost, please take me home to my mother and sister on the bank of the singing brook where I live." Soon she found herself walking home with the kind fairy, talking happily.

SANDRA WARNER, *Upper A*, Age 9.

A TELEPHONE

My little telephone can go ting-a-ling. That's the way it goes.

MARY LOUSON, *Lower B*, Age 6.

WINTER

When I was up north at St. Sauveur, I saw a ski-tow and I went up on it too.

LINDA CORISTINE, *Lower B*, Age 7.

THE NEW BABY SISTER

My mother is in the hospital getting a new baby girl. I got up in the middle of the night; afterwards Daddy told me that he had been up since one o'clock. He said that the baby looks like a witch.

CYNTHIA HUTCHINS, *Upper B*, Age 6.

THINGS I LIKE

I'm sailing on the river. I like to sail on the river, and I like to row in a rowboat, and I like to smell perfume too.

SALLY ANN MEAKINS, *Upper B*, Age 6.

THE CIRCUS

A monkey climbed up on a cave and he fell down and he laughed his head off, and other people laughed their heads off too.

TERRY GEDDES, *Upper B*, Age 6.



FLOWERS

I love little flowers, specially roses with their sweet-smelling perfume. There are red and pink roses and many other colours, but I can't take the time to tell you.

ANN TWEEDY, *Upper B*, Age 8.

HORSES

Janie loved horses, but she never was able to have one until they moved to a ranch. Her uncle gave her a horse which she named Blackie.

During her rides she grew more and more experienced. When she grew older, she entered in competitions and soon became a well-known horsewoman.

And when she was grown up she taught in a riding school. And so just her love of horses made her famous.

ANNA GUTHRIE, *Upper A*, Age 9.

TIM

When I was digging in a hole,
I found a darling litt'e mole,

And I call him Tim,
And I play with him.

BARBARA MURRAY, *Lower A*, Age 8.

THE DENTIST

Four times a year to the Dentist I go.
Whether in the sunshine, rain, or a blizzard of snow,

When the day is decided ; the appointment is made,
I really know that I'm now afraid.

I get pains in my tummy, my knees turn to water,
Mother looks with surprise at her erstwhile-brave daughter.

And I wish on that day — and this is the truth —
I was back in the cradle with nary a tooth.

JUDY OGILVIE, *Lower III*, Age 10.

Hurstbury, Watmore Lane,
Winnersh, Berks. England.

Dear Girls :—

I have always wondered why the poet was so enthusiastic when he wrote —

O to be in England, now that April's there.

Now, I know just how he felt, for today, April 18th, has been a perfectly delightful one. On a walk through woods and fields this afternoon, a friend and I found anemones, violets, celandine, bluebells, primroses, English daisies, king cups and a field literally covered with fritillaries. I have seen the latter growing at the Botanical Gardens in Montreal, but they are wild in England. The bluebells are so beautifully blue ; and they grow in such masses that it looks like a sea of blue.

Of course I haven't forgotten the trilliums at Cartierville, and the violets, hepaticas and dog's tooth violets on the mountain. I think of them often, these days, as my stay in England is shortening.

This has been a very pleasant and interesting year. So many people ask me, "Are English girls very different from Canadian girls ; and how does our educational system differ from yours ?" As far as the first question is concerned, I cannot see much difference. Perhaps English girls wear hair plaited more than you do ; and they very sensibly carry their books in cases or bags. Those are minor details so there isn't much difference, is there ? After all, Pannie and Deirdre Barr weren't considered different. I had lunch with Pannie a few weeks ago. I had our last Study Chronicle with me and she read practically every word of it before I left her home. You will be glad to know that she has almost completely recovered from infantile paralysis, but she will have to remain out of University for a year.

The Holt is called a secondary grammar school. Girls of eleven years who pass a scholarship examination enter Form I, and remain in the school until they write the School Certificate examinations in Form V at 15-16 years. Until a few years ago the School Leaving age was fourteen years. Now it is fifteen years.

Children enter primary school at five years, and those who do not get into the secondary schools at eleven or twelve years usually continue in the elementary school or go to a modern school, where a technical rather than an academic education is offered.

Those girls who wish to continue at school after School Certificate enter Form VI and in two years write the Higher School Certificate. With this I think they are exempt from certain courses at the university. This year there are thirty-one girls in Lower and Upper VI.

I do not know that everyone would agree with me, but I think the School Certificate syllabus is less detailed than our Junior Matriculation and the Higher much more difficult than our Senior Matriculation. Those writing School Certificate are usually younger than those writing Junior Matriculation in Montreal, which would explain the difference in syllabus requirements.

There is one big difference between the Study and the Holt, and every day I lament about it for you girls — there are such large beautiful grounds around the School. On Friday while I was perambulating at the lunch hour over two hundred girls were playing outdoors. There are four tennis courts, two netball courts, a hockey pitch, shrubbery of rhododendrons, hazel nut thickets, and the shade from oaks, elms, and ironwood trees.

The girls concentrate on field hockey and netball all winter, and tennis and swimming during the summer term. (By the way the summer term is fifteen weeks long and school closes July 22nd. Horrible thought ! !) Every Saturday morning the two hockey teams have played hockey either on their own pitch or at another school.

A highlight of the year was the game between the Staff and VI Form. A few days before the fatal match my girls volunteered to teach me a few rules. With my best golf stroke I hit the ball across the field. But suddenly from all sides, I heard, "Sticks, Miss Wallace !" It seems that the hockey stick must not be raised above the shoulders. What a game ! I was worn out in the first ten minutes but the game seemed to continue on and on. It ended when a stretcher was brought on the field to do rescue work. The score was 3-0. For whom ?

I want to thank all of you who have written and sent parcels to us at the Holt. The girls keep asking me what they can send you and I tell them that you don't expect gifts in return because of difficulties with rationed goods.

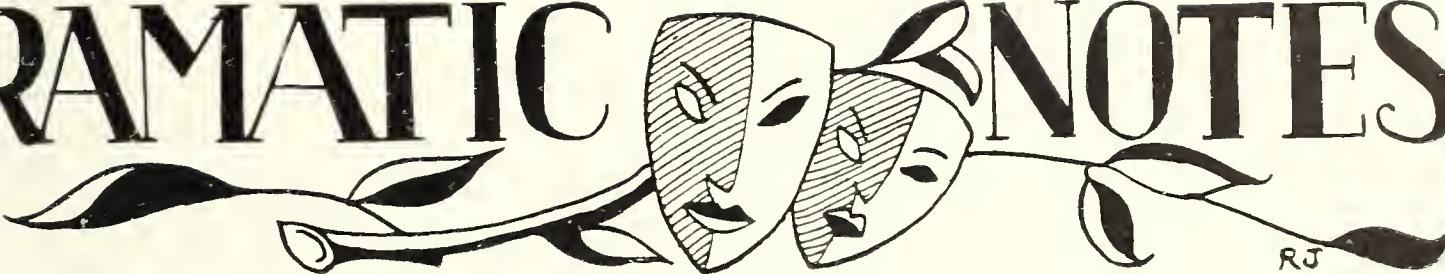
Yet how fortunate even we in England are compared with the children in France and other countries of Europe. While I was on the continent at Easter I visited a French family in Paris and they told me something of conditions there. They hadn't seen butter since Christmas except what could be bought at \$4.00 a pound on the black market. Milk cannot be bought and children have only powdered skimmed milk. All staple foods are requisitioned for hotels and restaurants to attract tourists that France may get money to build up the country again. It is to be hoped that the children of Europe may benefit from the United Nations' Children's Emergency Fund before it is too late. Am glad that you raised so much for it. We are having our campaign this week.

I think of you all very often and wish the Upper V and VI the best in your examinations in June.

Sincerely,

FRANCES WALLACE.

DRAMATIC NOTES



The coming of the Christmas holidays brought out acting ability from the Lower School. They gave their usual Christmas party, at which each class put on a play for their parents and friends. The members of the Upper A presented "The Cat that Walked by Itself". Susan Blaylock started, handling both her lines and her tail very efficiently. Lower A put on "Hiawatha", while Upper B staged "The Runaway Christmas Trees". The Lower B's had a Christmas party on stage with a Santa — and everything. The scenery and costumes were as convincing as always, thanks to Miss Seath, and the efforts of the art class.

The last period on Friday morning was twice set aside to bring forth previously undiscovered talent. Middle Fifth was the first to brave this half-hour. The whole class acted a skit, satirizing the old movies. Gerda Thomas is the brilliant author, and was wonderful as the black-caped villain. Sandra Ogilvie was the pretty heroine, and Pat Burns was the strong, handsome hero who saved her from certain death. All the other characters were equally entertaining. "Foiled Again" was the appropriate title.

Pat Burns presented her interpretation of "A Bridge Party", which was received by all with roars of laughter.

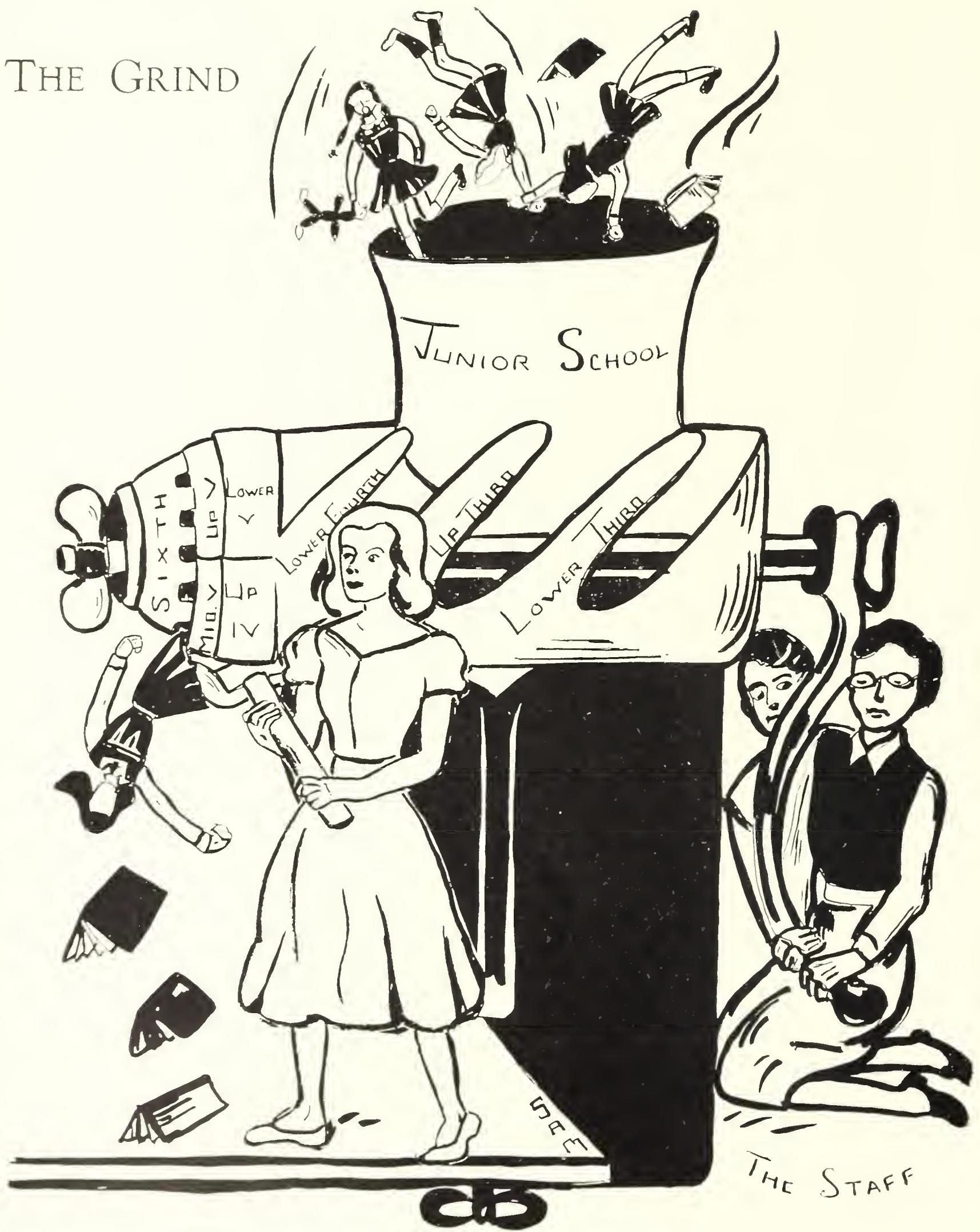
Frances Morris once again was the M.C. on the Upper V quiz show. At this point we should like to thank our contestants, Miss Vowles, and Shirley Byers for being good sports and helping our show along. Mrs. Perkins (Jill Crossen) happened to drop in that morning, and was one of the outstanding features on the programme. The show led to the comparison of modern and old-fashioned dancing, (as Mrs. Perkins called it).

Unfortunate circumstances arose which forced Middle V to postpone their production of "Tom Sawyer". Miss Hancox is their able director, and we are anticipating it with pleasure.

A treat is in store for us this term. The Middle School is presenting "Rumplestiltskin". Miss Blanchard is working hard to make it a success, and from the sound of things, her efforts will be rewarded by an excellent performance.

PAT BURNS,
SALLY McDougall.

THE GRIND



A SUMMER'S WALK

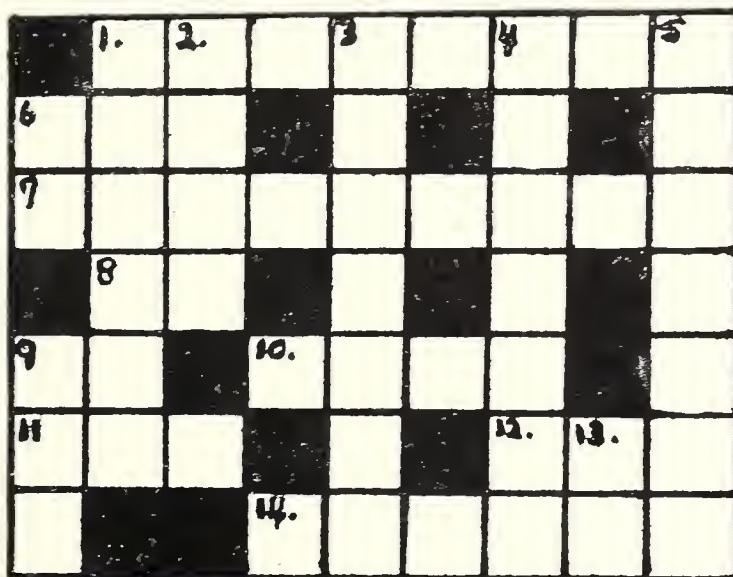
The sun's last rays descend behind the hill.
The stars shine overhead. The world is still,
And from the cliff I watch the sunlight fade,
And see the creatures of the day retire into the glade.

The soft grass rustled underneath my feet,
As I walked up the mountains where the earth and heaven meet.
I revel in the glory of the world the Lord has made,
As I watch the creatures of the day retire into the glade.

ANN POWELL, Lower IV.



CLUES



Across —

1. A vegetable, good either cooked or raw.
6. A friend.
7. An island.
8. To depart.
9. An exclamation.
10. Another word for cloak.
11. A playpen, not for babies.
14. A like to lick it off the bowl.

Down —

1. Trapped.
2. Likewise.
3. A girl's name.
4. An opera writer.
5. To take to your heels.
6. A parent.
9. A kind of a snake.
13. It is used in the Bible very often.

ANN WARNER, Age 9.

—Answers to Crossword Puzzle to be found at the back.

A Country Road

You will always find me, no matter where you go, for you see I am a country road. Perhaps you have never noticed me, for few people have. Mark my words, someday you will realize just how important I am. Every year I am the same except maybe for a few ruts, that were not marring my beauty the year before. You get angry and say that someday that lazy member from the district may do something about putting oil on me, or perhaps the utterly impossible, paving me, so that you will not have to spend all your hard-earned money having your car cleaned. I stretch for miles, through beautiful countryside.

Sometimes, you wonder who built me, but you don't really care. Well, you might call me a historical document. I was built by Sir Wilbur Van Dyke, an English playboy who, when cars were first on the market, decided he would build a road, instead of a trail, into his hunting lodge and large estate. He entertained many famous people, so you are right in guessing that many important people have trod my dirt. Sir Van Dyke was killed (five years after he had me built) by a stray bullet, from one of his friends' guns. I cried, for you could practically call him my father. The estate remained unlived in for a year, and then it was bought, and made into a Tourist Camp. The owner decided to extend me, ten miles, to Farmsworth. Farmsworth, a small but important town, is the place where all the nearby farmers take their crops. It consists of a few stores, a church, houses and a huge cannery. Many of the cannery workers travel back and forth on me, in everything from nineteen twenty Fords, to new convertibles. By extending the road, he gained a great number of customers, because Farmsworth had a railway station, and many people stayed overnight at his camp.

Of all the people who travel on me I think Albert is the most interesting. He has lived hereabouts for nigh on to fifty years. He lives in a small, dirty, one-storey shack, up an old Indian trail. People never bother about him or go near his shack, but I know his troubles, and feel sorry for him. He takes his cattle to pasture, in the early morning, and back in the evening. People hear him muttering to them, and draw the conclusion that he is crazy, but I know differently. He was the youngest of a large family, who were very poor. He was tormented by his older sisters and brothers, and sometimes had only bread and water to eat and drink. His father was a no-good drunk and his mother was a charwoman. He found work as a printer's helper, and soon afterwards had to leave for the country, for he had an incurable lung disease. He doesn't mix with people, so they don't mix with him.

Ask me any questions, for I know everything, from who is sure to be elected as next representative of the district, to what is ailing Mrs. Woodhouse's mother.

Many people can and do trust me, for I hear everything, but tell nothing.

DIANA GAHERTY, *Lower V.*

THE ANNS OF LOWER FOURTH

Who can say her verses without even stop or stumble ?
Who can make a perfect speech without the slightest mumble ?
Who can add like lightning yet never make a fumble ?
Ann.

Who is always playing with the fountain in the park ?
Who is always bad in school, yet warbles like a lark ?
Who is always jealous if you get a higher mark ?
Ann.

Who is always frightened that she'll get D plus or under ?
Who is always angry if she makes the slightest blunder ?
Who is nearly scared to death whenever she hears thunder ?
Ann.

ANN POWELL, *Lower IV.*

A SURPRISE

One day I went to the henhouse
To gather up the eggs,

And in the nest I saw
Something that had four legs.

It was all brown and furry ;
And I bet you would never guess ;

So I will have to tell you —
There was a puppy in the nest.

DIANA HAMILTON, *Lower III, Age 10.*



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across —

1. Cabbages.
6. Pal.
7. Australia.
8. Go.
9. Ah !
10. Cape.
11. Sty.
12. Rye.
14. Better.

Down —

1. Caught.
2. Also.
3. Barbara.
4. Gilbert.
5. Scamper.
6. Pa.
9. Asp.
13. Ye.

